

Conscience of a Liberal

By Steve Gage

"East is East, and West is West, and ne'er the twain shall meet." Yet Kipling's words have been given the lie, the White Man's burden has become Man's burden, right here on the University of Nebraska campus. And those of us who are prone to resist this worldwide mass-into-mass integration need not leave the campus to practice our so-called "white supremacy" or to exercise our smug and comforting prejudices.

But what about those of us who have been privileged to go "beyond," to travel extensively throughout the rest of the United States or to live in other parts of the Kosmos? What are those attitudes which we bring back to Nebraska and to the NU campus? Does the presence of cosmopolitan view aid or hinder a student at the University? These are questions which I am not going to attempt to answer in this column, but in abstaining from analyzing them myself, certainly I hope each of my readers will visit with either some American exchange students or some foreign students so each of you might give an objective answer to each of the above questions. Such is wishful thinking.

Today I would like to introduce to the Nebraskan readers two outstanding University freshmen. These are students who will certainly not increase Nebraska's chances to have again a winning football team but who will, by speaking their opinions and living their college lives, add to the all-important meeting of the four winds here at Nebraska. Their common discussion topic: a short but painful critique of culture here on campus.

The first student I would like to introduce is a native Nebraskan, a freshman from Hastings, Christy Froeschheuser. A political science major, Christy is pursuing a "regional" minor in Latin American affairs to inform herself on a section of the world of which she has dear and provoking memories. While attending Hastings High School, Christy was chosen to participate in the student exchange program of the American Field Service. She was assigned to South America where she stayed for one semester with a Latin family in Cordova, Argentina. During her stay there, she traveled extensively through the country, was granted a private conference with the Argentine's President Frondizi and attended the local schools when possible.

Upon coming back to Nebraska, Christy received a Regents' scholarship to NU. As a Chi Omega initiate, she is active in YWCA, Red Cross, and Nebraska International Association. Enough said of her ample qualifications; here are her views on culture at Nebraska.

"Lately several people have been lamenting the fact that young Nebraskans, armed with college diplomas and staunch determination, have been migrating across our state's borders in increasing numbers into those states which offer greater opportunities for success. Most of these young people have become restless and dissatisfied with what little they feel Nebraska has to offer them, and they are attracted by what they consider to be more "sophisticated" areas of our nation.

"It may be true that other states are culturally more advanced than Nebraska, due to such factors as greater industrialization and population. But still, if a person will take the time to look around him, he can discover that, surprisingly enough, some culture does exist right here on our campus. And a great percentage of this culture is the product of our contemporaries' efforts. Our lack at Nebraska University is not of cultural facilities, but rather of an interest in these facilities.

"Let us look at a few specific examples. When was the last time you visited the art galleries at Morrill Hall to view the work displayed by members of the art department—or have you perhaps just not been able to find the time at all? Have you gone to any of the concerts or recitals presented by both students and faculty of our music department? Have you heard any of the internationally-known speakers who have come to the University this year to try to enlighten Nebraska students? If attendance at these functions is any indication of interest on the part of Nebraskans, it is evident that we are lacking in our enthusiasm for cultural enlightenment.

"No wonder we aren't all exceedingly proud of our cultural activity. How can anyone be stimulated by something that is practically dormant? Why are Nebraskans guilty of ignoring culture and simultaneously complaining that Nebraska is practically void of any aestheticism? This writer has seen Latin American university students packed into a hall to hear a chamber music group perform; the same degree of student body enthusiasm is witnessed here on Friday afternoons as students fight for booths at "Jazz and Java." This is fine; but why is a University musical group of a more serious nature forced to play to a room full of frustratingly empty chairs?

"Extending our sights to the city of Lincoln, we can find Community Concerts and Lincoln Symphony concerts, both of which offer internationally-acclaimed talent. Looking out to the rest of the state, we find Omaha at the apex of Nebraska's culture.

"Making the generalization that Nebraska has nothing to offer, just because what is offered is appreciated by relatively few people, can greatly defeat our progress in cultural development. The personal rewards that can come from occasionally venturing into the world of the arts through the pursuit of knowledge outside of class include becoming a more interesting person and getting some variety into a somewhat monotonous schedule. Perhaps—and let's be idealistic for a moment—interest in the finer things offered at the University would even help sell Nebraskans on Nebraska.

"What is needed is the rediscovery (or discovery, as the case may be) of Nebraska's potential as a modern, forward-looking state. Nebraskans can't be forced to become glorified culture-crusaders; there is a necessity for a personal desire to take advantage of those potentials. Let's take what Nebraska gives; it is through use that what she offers us is improved upon and refined. This is the challenge that is issued to young Nebraskans."

The second notable student I would like to introduce is George Brock. George, whose father is a civilian now connected with the United States Army foreign establishment in Teheran, Iran, is, by birth, a native of Alexandria, Virginia. However, George has lived in Austria, Germany, England, India and Pakistan and has traveled throughout much of the world with his family. He comes to the University from Karachi, Pakistan, where he studied under the University of Nebraska pre-college extension program. Here he is a political science major and has become a member of Palladian and the N.I.A. And here are George's views on culture.

"It is the vogue all over the world to look at Americans askew and call them ugly. To be sure the American is ugly and especially so on this campus. Not only does he not show one iota of interest in his own exciting culture but he does not even inquire about the other interesting cultures on campus. A rare treat is offered here yet the American on this campus squelches the thought of internationalism, of creativity. He is ugly because he is uninformed, uninterested, and at the very basic, uncultured. It seems as though he had been doused in apathy.

My first thought was that the departments were to blame because they did not provide the programs nor the stimulation nor the challenge; however, after being confronted many times with bull dog looks and exhausted tones by those that arrange the programs I soon found out that the majority of the students on campus can't be bothered, that they see no stimulation in the programs.

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PRE-TESTED FABRIC

Daily Nebraskan Letterips

'Lady' Produces Faculty Comment

To the editor, After reading Mr. Boroff's review of "Lady of Eternal Springtime" in The Nebraskan last Friday, I went to the production on Saturday night with anticipations of disaster. Now, having seen the play, I am happy to report that I found it very engaging. Instead of the worst University Theater production of recent years, I regard it as one of the happiest.

Like Mr. Boroff, I have no knowledge of the other scripts which were submitted in the Ballard contest, but I thought Bernard Sabbath's whimsical and genuinely perceptive extension of the Helen story eminently suited for a college theater production. The dialogue combines the racy colloquialism and poetic flights which characterize the work of Christopher Fry, but without the ostentation which I often regard as a defect in the latter. (I find it hard to believe, incidentally, that Mr. Sabbath's line actually read, "Stars are strewn like pedals of a flower..." as reported in The Nebraskan.)

In my opinion, both Helen and Menelaus were entirely believable. Both were invested with considerable complexity and perceptiveness as they explored their ambivalent feelings toward each other. Their joint recognition that hers was no longer the face that had launched a thousand ships was gently humorous and genuinely moving. The play is concerned with faded glory, with the acceptance of mutability. Eternal springtime is a delusion which crumbles before the realities of a long, hot summer and a dusty fall. The disillusionment may be that of the middle-aged man who comes back to the empty stadium to contemplate the playing field where he had once made an eighty-yard run or of the Aksarben princess who goes back home to McCool Junction, but Helen's experience is in some ways the experience of us all.

Of course no matter how far-reaching the implications of the theme, the playwright must pick a local habitation or milieu for its presentation. I find that I can cheerfully grant him certain liberties in this department. I had no quarrels with the joyous anachronisms of the local production. Considering the 2,700 years which separate us from the great Greek epics, and the three or four hundred years which separate him from the traditional and historical events, some discrepancies are probably inevitable in the most fastidious of productions. If Helen chooses to receive Lukas before an Egyptian arch or on a plastic-covered Empire divan I am not greatly pained, and I think I really prefer a plastic grape and a mute lute,

I was not as excited by the neckline of Helen's gown in Act II as was Mr. Boroff, but I thought this and her other costumes were attractive and very graceful on stage. The yellow, gold and white worn by Helen and Melina distinctly aided in the characterization as did the blue-gray of the Cassandra-like Aithra. I thought Aithra's hemline needed adjustment, but women have been troubled by uneven hemlines for centuries.

It is interesting to consider the possibilities of a contemporary suburban setting for this play. I suppose that Helen, having tired of taking her togas to the village laundromat and being peeped from the local supermarket, would have set out

to seduce the Good Humor man. I think I like Mr. Sabbath's version better.

If the Ballard contest is to attract quality manuscripts in the future, I should think production in the regular theater series would continue to be an important and perhaps necessary inducement. Just once, I think it would be interesting to see one of Mr. Ballard's plays which have now been in eclipse for decades but which once apparently loomed rather large on the American theater scene.

Finally, whatever the play, confirmed theatergoers are always prepared, in principle at least, to accept the mute lute and the singing star.

Marjorie Leafdale

Overset

By Norm Beatty

Today I am going to break my original promise of not carrying on a crusade or drive. If, while reading this, you find you are violently opposed to my ideology or whatever, stop reading. However, if you find that you feel approximately the same as I do, continue to read.

I have, as most of us, paid several thousands of dollars to our University and city police departments for parking tickets. (I might point out right now that I am not un-American or un-anything else that is inherent to our democracy.) I admit that I have broken a law several times by overparking, parking in the wrong place, etc. I expect to pay for breaking the law just as most of us do.

Whether city and University officials realize it or not, there is a tremendous traffic and parking problem in this city and especially on our campus. Even more disheartening is the fact that the situation is not getting better.

It is imperative that I, as many, many other students and faculty members, have an automobile. Believe me, if I did not really need to have a car, I would be more than happy to walk or take a bus.

Although my payments to the University Police and the Lincoln Police do not run into the thousands, I

have paid a goodly share. If you want to shock yourself, sit down sometime and estimate the dollar bills (sometimes more for race cases) you have deposited with for the privilege of owning a car.

I actually feel as though the parking situation (on campus) is as bad as or worse than any other problem the University faces today. I say this because of the large number of people involved.

Students pay five dollars for the right to park their cars in such a place that it takes 15 minutes to get to and five or 10 more to get started. If I am like any one else who actually has a need for a car, my purpose for using an automobile is defeated before I get three blocks down the street.

Instead of parking in a specified area, we take a chance (if we are lucky enough to find a place) and park on the street. If by chance you cannot get back to your car in time—Zap! One dollar!!

Or, instead, if we park in a meter stall, and again are unable to put more money in the meter or just plain forget the car and its whereabouts (as sometimes happens) we are hit from the opposing flank by the University police.

I don't intend to blast either police force as they have both done much to aid the student.

If something is not done soon, due to the increase in student and faculty owned automobiles, the situation is liable to reach chaotic proportions, if it is not already.



Beatty

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